

IN MEMORY

OF that Valiant Champion

SIR ROBERT GRIERSON,

FRONTIER OF LAG.

And his noble and brave

STATE OF NEW YORK.

The Prince of Darkness his Lamentation for
and commendation of his truly and well-
beloved Friend, the Lord of Lag, who
died, Dec. 23d. 1733.

Where the Prince of Darkness has forth the
Commendation of many of his best friends, who
were not members of his family, but
were of his kingdom in the first and second.

Very useful and necessary to be read by all
are to be well informed, and by the
Managers, and by the
caring people.

THE ELEVENTH EDITION.

(2)

AN

E L E G Y

In Memory of

SIR ROBERT GRIERSON
OF LAG;

WHAT fatal news is this I hear!
On earth, who shall my standard bear
For *Lag*, who was my champion brave
Is dead, and now laid in his grave.
The want of him is a great grief;
He was my manager and chief,
Who sought my kingdom to promote,
And to my laws he had great love.
Could such a furious fiend as I
Shed tears, my cheeks would never dry;
But I would mourn both night and day,
'Cause *Lag* from earth is ta'en away.
It is no wonder I am sad,
A better friend I never had.
Through all the large track of his time,
He never did my ways decline:
He was my trusty constant liege,
Who at all times did me oblige.
But now, what shall I think or say?
By death at last he's ta'en away.
He was a man of meikle zeal,
Who in my service did not fail;
He was no coward to relent.



No

No man dare say he did repent
 Of the good service done to me ;
 For as he liv'd so did he die ;
 He bore my image on his brow,
 My service he did still avow.
 He had no other deitie,
 But this world, the flesh and me ;
 Unto us he did homage pay,
 And did us worship every day.
 The thing that he delighted in,
 Was that which pious folk call sin,
 Adult'ry, whoredom and such vice,
 Such pleasures were his paradise.
 To curse, to swear and to blaspheme,
 He gloried in, and thought no shame,
 To excess he drank bear and wine,
 Till he he was drunken like a swine.
 No sabbath day regarded he,
 But spent it in profanity ;
 'Mongst other vices, as some say,
 He ravish'd virgins on that day.
 But that which rais'd his fame so high.]
 Was the good service done to me,
 In bearing of a deadly feud
 'Gainst people who did pray and read ;
 And sought my kingdom to impair,
 These were the folk he did not spare.
 Any who reads the scriptures through,
 I'm sure they'll find but very few
 Of my best friends that's mention'd there,
 That could with *Grier of Lag* compare.
 Though *Cain* was a bloody man,
 He to *Lag's* lachets never came,
 In shedding of the blood of those,
 Who did my laws and ways oppose,

He did resemble *Pharaoh* near,
 In this, that he shook off all fear,
 Harden'd his heart, would not obey,
 But sought the Israelites to slay.
 Like *Saul* who *David* did pursue,
 He rais'd on them the cry and hue;
 And cruelly he did oppress,
 Such as religion did profess.

Doeg the Edomite did slay
 Fourscore and five priests in one day;
 But if you'll take the will for deed,
 Brave *Lag* did *Doeg* far exceed.
 He of the blood-royal was come,
 Of *Ahab* he was a true son;
 For he did sell himself to me,
 To work sin and iniquity.

Herod for me had great zeal,
 Though his main purpose far did fail,
 He many flew by a decree;
 But did not toil so much for me
 As *Lag* who in his person went
 To every place where he was sent,
 To persecute both man and wife,
 Who he knew led a pious life.

Brave *Clavers* flourish'd in his day,
 And many lives did take away,
 He to *Rome's* cause most firmly stood,
 And drunken was with the saints blood,
 Which in abundance he did shed,
 Of those who from his presence fled.
 In moss and mountain, cleugh and glen,
 Were slaughter'd by his highland-men.
 He was a terror where he came
 To all the followers of the *Lamb*.
 With great industry and fatigue,

He labour'd to root out that seed :
 That where he came none might remain,
 Who in the least did me defame.
 He rifled houses and did plunder,
 In moor and dale many a hunder,
 He all the shires in south and west
 With blood and rapine sore oppress.
 He to his utmost did contrive
 How he might make my kingdom thrive,
 And how he might bring down all those,
 That did my government oppose.
 His mischief never prosper'd ill,
 Except one time near Lowdon-hill,
 Where shamefully he did retreat,
 Before a few who did him beat,
 Till more assistance I did give,
 And then brave *Clavers* did revive,
 With fury then and hellish rage,
 He did these wanderers engage,
 And fought their utter overthrow,
 In every place where he did go.
 When they were dead such was his rage,
 Nor less his fury could assuage
 Then raise them up, 'bove earth to ly,
 As trophies of his victory.
 He was made Viscount of Dundee,
 For venturing his all for me.
 This honour he enjoy'd not long :
 Soon after this he was ta'en home ;
 By sudden fate at last he fell
 At Killicranky, near Dunkel.
 No longer could he serve me here.
 But *Lag* surviv'd for many a year,
 And constantly stood to his post,
 When many a champion brave was lost.

Brave Charles Stewart of renown;
 The best that ever wore a crown;
 For whoredom and adultery,
 For incest and profanity,
 For falshood and for treachery
 For drunkenness and for perjury:
 He neither word nor oath regarded;
 With gibbets he his friends rewarded;
 When with opposition he did meet;
 He then did play the hypocrite,
 And feign'd himself for reformation,
 When he intended deformation.
 At *Spey* and *Scoon* within a year,
 The covenants he twice did swear;
 And at *Dumfermline* did profess
 His sorrow for his naughtiness;
 But that was all to get the crown,
 That he the better might bring down,
 That covenanted Presbetry,
 That was so opposite to me,
 For afterwards he did rescind
 These covenants no more to bind;
 And solemnly he gave command
 To burn them by the hangman's hand.
 He caus'd the nations to abjure
 What they call'd reformation pure.
 Brave prelacy he did restore,
 As it in *Scotland* was before.
 And to this *Dagon* he caus'd bow
Scotsmen contrary to their vow.
 He many a conscience did defile,
 Which made me on his court to smile;
 Malignants he advanc'd high,
 'Cause they good subjects were to me;
 He tolerated heresy,

All error and profanity :
 A blasphemous supremacy
 Over the church usurped he ;
 And granted an indulgency,
 Thereby to ruin Presbetry ;
 My scepter he did bravely sway,
 And punish'd those that did gainsay,
 By tortures that were most severe,
 By prisoning and loss of gear ;
 And cruel murders many a way,
 Because they from my laws did stray :
 But kindness he did ever bear
 To all the Popish far and near ;
 No *Pope* in *Rome* did ever dwell,
 That could this noble prince excell.
 For in a word he did advance
 My kingdom more than *Rome* or *France* :
 Neither *Spain* nor *Germany*
 Had so much true zeal for me ;
 He reigned long, but at the last,
 His brother *York* gave him a cast,
 He poison'd him and made him die,
 And sent him home to my country,
 To *Tophet*, that's both wide and large,
 Which he chus'd for his heritage.

Great *Midleton* that man of might,
 My service he did never slight :
 To work he furiously did go,
 The covenants to overthrow :
 He like *Nebuchstan* did them treat,
 Like almanack's that's out of date
 He did rescind their force and power,
 And solemnly did them abjure,
 He nullified all acts and laws
 That favoured the scripture-cause :

And ruin'd many a family,
 For nought but non-conformity ;
 If hirelings they wou'd not hear,
 Their purse he punish'd most severe :
 He made the south of *Scotland* feel,
 His gripping claws were made of steel,
 They were so crooked hard and sharp,
 They pierc'd men's substance to the heart ;
 The king's commission while he did bear,
 Men lost their conscience life or gear ;
 But *Charles* too soon him discarded ;
 Yet I his kindness well rewarded,
 And this I hope he'll not deny,
 Since now he lives as well as I.

Fletcher, my friend, he was the first,
 As advocate who did insist
 Against the *Whigs* in the king's name,
 To bring them to an open shame ;
Charles my son did him install,
 To bring these rebels under thral
 Who still for covenants were pleading,
 To justify their old proceeding ;
 He labour'd very earnestly
 To please his sovereign and me,
 By rooting out base Presbetry
 And planting noble Prelacy ;
 By banishing some far away,
 That us'd my dictates to gainsay ;
 By sumptuous fines making them poor
 That never could my yoke endure ;
 By shutting up in prison strong
 These men who did my interest wrong ;
 And thirsting for the blood of them
 Who did my government contemn :
 His malice was so set on fire,

That

That nothing could quench his desire,
 Until *Argyle*, mine enemy,
 Was brought condignly for to die ;
 And *Guthrie* who did me oppose,
 By hanging he his days did close,
 And *Wariston* the worst of all,
 By my friend *Fletcher* he did fall :
 Thus wonderfully he did please me :
 When of these rebels he did ease me ;
 For which good service he doth sit
 Among the princes of my pit,
 And my dear cousin Provost *Mill*,
 Burnt covenants, yet thought no ill,
 At *Lithgow-cross*, with more disgrace
 Than ever was at any place.
 He burnt *Lex Rex* and other books
 Which sourly on my interest looks ;
 And many acts of kirk and state,
 Which he knew well that I did hate,
 'Cause they advanc'd a reformation,
 That shook my kingdom through the nation.
 He burnt old brechems, roakes and reels,
 Also the picture of the De'il :
 I mean myself cause he did think
 My effigies would make all stink ;
 That he burnt on that solemn day ;
 Upon the twenty ninth of May.
 But my dear cousin was mista'n,
 The covenants remain'd in fame,
 By some that did love them so well,
 That with their blood they did them seal
 Yet Provost *Mill* was not to blame,
 Since he so basely did defame
 All covenants all acts and laws
 That favour'd the fanatic cause :
 Himself he did to me surrender,

And for a time liv'd in great splendor
 Beloved well of all my friends,
 Till at the last he lost his means ;
 And fell in want and poverty,
 Which made him to the *Abbey* fly.
 He who the covenants did burn,
 A cheating bankrupt did become ;
 He lost his senses, turn'd demented,
 And none but me his case lamented ;
 And at the end of all did die,
 Bemoaned by no man but me :
 I did him visit in distress,
 Where he is now you'll eas'ly guess.

Turner did *Galloway* invade,
 And took from many what they had,
 He spared neither old nor young,
 But plunder'd all where he did come,
 Most savagely he did them treat,
 And without mercy some did beat.
 He spoil'd that country cruelly
 And acted like a man for me.
 A very hellish life he led,
 As in my cave he had been bred ;
Carssphairn can well testify,
 The cursing and profanity
 The outrages committed there,
 (The half of which might fill the air)
 By *Turner* and his company
 Which wonderfully pleased me.

Dalzel who fought at *Pentland-hill*,
 And many of my foes did kill ;
 And others prisoners did lead
 Who after quarters were hang'd dead.
 A downright Atheist he did turn,
 And ruin'd all where he did come

That

That wanted the mark of the beast,
 He did not spare them in the least :
 But shot one *Finlay* at a post :
 In serving me he made his boast,
 He was so valiant in my cause,
 And so observant of my laws,
 That to commend him there's no need,
 His works have prais'd him since he's dead,

Nisbet of *Dirltown* in my stead,
 In open courts 'gainst *Whigs* did plead ;
 And to the gallows did pursue
 The *Pentland-men*, who did renew
 The covenants at *Lanerk* town,
 Till they on gibbets were brought down :
 And by his rigorous pursuing
 He many other *Whigs* did ruin.
 His great exploits pleas'd me so well,
 That I his name cannot conceal,
 But think fit that his deeds be told,
 That so his name may be enroll'd,
 'Mongst other worthies on record,
 Who serv'd me as their sovereign Lord.

McKinzie after did succeed,
 As advocate for me to plead.
 He turned to apostacy,
 And spent his time in blasphemy,
 He pled that persons might go free
 For murder and for forcery,
 But brought them in guilty of treason,
 Who were religious out of season ;
 By keeping Presbetry in fame,
 Which king and council did disclaim,
 Who of their conscience were so tender,
 Religion they would not surrender
 To please his majesty and court,

And turn as changes came about ;
 To scripture they so firmly stood,
 On them I did spue out a flood
 Of mischief and calamity,
M'kinzie acted well for me ;
 Scripture religion at that time,
 He made it such a heinous crime,
 That for it nought could satisfy,
 But guilty persons they must die.
 He many a faint pursu'd to death ;
 He feared neither hell nor wrath.
 His conscience was so canteriz'd,
 He refus'd nothing that I pleas'd.
 For which he's had my kindness still,
 Since he his labours did fulfil.

Rotbes like a sow in the mire,
 Who of his whoredom did not tire ;
 But wallow'd in adultery,
 In cursing and profanity,
 And did allot the sabbath-day,
 To spend it in his game and play :
 Perjur'd himself in *Mitchel's* case,
 To bring that rebel to disgrace.
 To Popery he was a good friend,
 To set it up this man was keen,
 His drunkenness I need not name,
 My friend of this thought never shame ;
 He did contrive that rare engine,
 That did make *Hakston* dree great pine :
 To rip his breast at my desire,
 And burn his heart quick in the fire,
 Mangled his hands and took them off,
 That they might be the people's scoff,
 And afterwards struck off his pow,
 And set it on the *Nether-bow* ;

And

And cut his body all asunder,
 And plac'd it for a worlds wonder:
 Thus he shook off humanity,
 For the respect he had to me.
 At last in horror he did die,
 And went to Tophet dolefully.

Monmouth did me a noble turn,
 When he to *Bothwell-bridge* did come,
 With armed force, with power and might,
 He flew, and put the *Whigs* to flight.
 Although it was the sabbath-day,
 He would not grant them a delay;
 But instantly did hash them down,
 And took them captives to the town,
 They pris'ners were in the *Gray friar*,
 Until a false oath they did swear;
 Or in the dungeons were shut close,
 Where they their lives were like to lose.
 Some got the gallows, some the sea,
 Some hang'd, some drown'd : that pleased me.

Earlshal, who serv'd me many a year,
 And for my interest did appear;
 He serv'd his 'prentiship below,
 Then to the mountains he did go,
 The *Cameronians* to defeat,
 People who I do greatly hate,
 At *Airds-moss* he surpriz'd that crew,
Cameron their champion he slew,
 And desperately cut off his head,
 Also his hands, and made him bleed.
 Then in great triumph he did go,
 To *Edinburgh* with a great show;
 Much boasting that he had suppress'd
 The *Cameronians* in the west;
 He did produce the hands and head

Of *Cameron*, whom he killed dead ;
 For which the council did him pay
 A large reward without delay,
 And I myself on him did smile,
 For that great action done in *Kyle* ;
 Because that he avenged me
 Upon my stated enemy.
 His kindness shall not be forgot,
 As long as my furnace is hot.

York, who great *Charles* did succeed,
 He was my constant friend indeed,
 He was bred with me all his days ;
 And never from my laws did stray,
 For he black Popery did profess,
 In *Scotland* he set up the Mass.
 A toleration he did give,
 That mystery *Babel* might revive.
 He took to him absolute power,
 For to advance the *Romish* whore.
 He stopped all the penal laws
 Were made for weakning of my cause ;
 And have a golden liberty
 For all sorts of idolatry.
 It criminal was in his day
 To own the covenanted way.
 For he intended in a short time.
 To make Pop'ry through *Scotland* shine,
 That from the greatest to the least,
 All men might serve the *Romish* beast.
 He deeply sworn was to *Rome*,
 To seek all Presbyterians doom,
 To abolish the memory
 Of all that oppos'd Popery.
 All Protestants he did despise,
 And many slew without affize,

He order'd that they should be shot,
 Where they were found in ev'ry spot ;
 By hellish soldiers my drudges,
 Whom he impower'd in place of judges,
 Suspected persons for to try,
 And at their pleasure make them die,
 Without allowing liberty
 To fit them for eternity.

He fram'd all mischiefs by a law,
 To make *Scotland* an *Aceldama* ;
 Threatned to make a hunting-field
 Of shires that would not fully yield.

He all the venom in the pit
 In face of piety did spit.

He hated all maliciouslie,
 Had any sovereign but me.
 Disdained common honesty,
 Lov'd nothing but impiety.

He in my service posted fast,
 Until his projects got a blast.

When *Orange* did come o'er the sea,
 Like a base coward he did flee.

Then he did abdicate the crown,
 And after liv'd a vagabond.

Till at *St. Germain*s he did die,
 And then he did come home to me.

I need not speak of *Queensberry*,
 No man was loyaler than he ;
 He serv'd me well with all his might,
 Against the *Whigs* with great despight,
 While *York*'s commission he did bear.
 Upon that he was most severe.

By him the parliament was led ;
 Saints blood like water then he shed.
 He confidently did declare

They

They should not have time to prepare
 For heaven; because he said that hell
 Was too good a place for *Whigs* to dwell.
 By that he acted to his power,
 Both soul and body to devour;
 Which was the only thing I fought,
 Although to pass it was not brought,
 Yet thanks be unto *Queensberry*,
 For his good will in serving me.

I *Milton Maxwell* must commend,
 Ten *Whigs* at once he did condemn,
 And after that he did devote
 Himself, my kingdom to promote,
McCarthy he did apprehend,
 Brought him to an untimely end.
 He plague'd the presbyterians sore,
 That dwelt on the water of *Orr*,
 For *Corfacks* house he rifled bare,
 And neither nurse nor child did spare,
 But thrust them out from house and hold,
 Expos'd them to hunger and cold;
 He did leave nothing in that house,
 That was to him of any use:
 The horse, the molt, the corn and sheep,
 He every thing away did sweep.
 He raag'd through like a greedy thief;
 Took butter, cheese, mutton and beef,
 The puddings he did scarcely spare,
 For every thing away he bare:
 Of clothe and clothes silver and gold,
 He took far more than can be told:
 The blackest fight that country saw,
 Worse than *Pet Baily* or *John Faw*.
 All his zeal was mixt with self,
 He very greedy was of pelf.

Yet all he took but short time lasted,
 The *Whigs* did say that it was blasted,
 For all his offspring that remain,
 Have none of this well-gotten gain.

When I perceiv'd that it was gone,
 I out of pity brought him home ;
 Now, *Whigs* may sleep in a sound skin,
 They'll never get more skaith of him.

My friends that were of lower note,
 In justice should not be forgot.
 As *Alison*, who here did dree
 A hell on earth for pleasing me.
Bonshaw, more fierce than I can tell,
 Who bade some sound the *Whigs* to hell,
 And my beloved *Kennaway*,
 Who plagu'd the hill-men every day.
 'Bove twenty journeys in one year
 This varlet willingly did go,
 To hasten the fanatics woe.

Strahan, *Murray* and *Annandale*,
 Who in my causes had great zeal.
Drummond, *Streton*, and bloody *Reid*,
 Who shot my foes till they were dead.
Buchan, *Inglis*, and *Wester-hall*,
Balfour and others great and small.
Sten-house, *Maitland*, and *Bollock-mill*
Colzean and *Windram*, men of skill.
Crichton, *Lauder*, and many moe,
 Who sought the hills-mens overthrow.
Halton, who did himself perjure,
 To bring *Mitchel* to an ill hour.

Lowrie of *Maxwelton* also,
 Unto these wild men was a foe.
 And so was *Craik* of *Stewarton*,
Bailie, and these gave *Smith* his doom,

And all the bishops in the land,
 Were ready still at my command,
 My statutes for to execute,
 On all whom I did persecute.
Dumbarton, Bruce, and Rob Dalzel,
 And other worthies I could tell,
 As *Ezekiel Montgomerie,*
 The worst fine monster that could be,
 And that vile wretch call'd sherrieff *Hume*,
 That was right worthy of his room,
 And old tree-legged *Duncan Grant*,
 Who of his wickedness did vaunt.
Eglinton Inncape and Lord *Ross*,
 Who did the *Whigs* murder and tofs,
 From sixty to the revolution
 Imbrew'd their hands in persecution,
 They murder'd and did stigmatize
 Such as my service did not please;
 They banish'd them to foreign nations,
 And sold them to the new plantations.
 With rigour great they took their gear,
 'Cause they my livery would not wear.
 None forwarder among them all
 Than noble *Grierison* of *Lag-hall*,
 Whose worthy actions makes him fit
 In the great chair now to sit,
 'Bove *Korah* and his company;
 For all his friendship done to me,
 This honour he doth well deserve,
 For he unweariedly did serve
 Me, to his utmost every way,
 To keep my kingdom from decay.
 I must remember Bishop *Sharp*,
 For the good service I did get
 Of him when he was here away;

He did the *Scottish* kirk betray,
 And all its privileges sold,
 For pleasure here and love of gold;
 He fill'd the land with perjury,
 And all sorts of iniquity;
 And did the force of *Scotland* lead
 To persecute the woman's seed.
Judas who did his *Master* sell,
 And afterwards went down to hell,
 Had no more mischief in his mind,
 Than *Sharp* this noble friend of mine.
 A passion past 'twixt him and me,
 That I from skaith should keep him free;
 I gave him forcery 'gainst lead,
 That shooting should not be his dead.
 And yet this did him not secure,
 He lost his life on *Magus-muir*.
 There some stout hearted men in *Fyfe*,
 With swords of steel did take his life;
 And very justly did him kill,
 'Cause he their brethrens blood did spill.
 So to this place he did descend.
 But after him *Lag* did contend
 For my kingdom many a day;
 But now, alas! he's ta'en away.

What shall I say? for time would fail,
 To tell you of brave *Lauderdale*,
 A great apostate he did prove,
 Because, with *Balaam* he did love
 The wages of iniquity,
 To keep him in prosperity;
 That his beastly belly might
 Have Epicurian delight;
 To spend his time in carnal pleasure,
 Which he esteem'd above all treasure,

He was a member among those
 Who strictest models did compose,
 Upon the Presbyterian side,
 But quickly he from them did slide.
 These covenants from which he swore,
 Most solemnly he did abjure.
 All tenderneſs he did caſt off;
 On ſcripture he did droll and ſcoff,
 To Prelate *Sharp* he thought no ſhame,
 Above *Rabſhakeh* to blaſpheme.
 By habit he did curſe and ſwear;
 With harlots, company did bear,
 He did counſel and aſſiſt
 The King, who after blood did thiſt;
 To bring all to a final end,
 For covenants that did contend,
 All public miſchief in the land,
 Were done at *Lauderdale's* command,
 In *Mitchel's* caſe he did perjure
 Himſelf, moſt wrongfully he ſwore;
 For conſcience he regarded not,
 Himſelf he wholly did devote,
 To ſerve King *Charles* and myſelf,
 And to advance his worldly peſf.
 Perſiſting in theſe courſes ſtill,
 Did grieve and anger one *Cargill*;
 So *Charles*, *York*, *Monmouth*, and he,
 Were all deliver'd o'er to me;
Roths, *M'kenzie*, and *Dalzell*,
 Unto my lot each man they fell,
 A company of as brave men,
 As ever miniſter did ſend
 By ſuch a ſentence unto me;
 Whom I embrac'd moſt willingly.
 'Cause formerly I did commend

In many things these worthy men.

Now these brave heroes I must leave,
 And some few instances I'll give
 Of these brave actions which *Lag* did,
 That ought no longer to be hid,
 In *Galloway* he was well known,
 His great exploits in it were shown;
 He was my general in that place,
 He did the Presbyterians chace,
 Through moss and muir, and many a hag,
 They were pursu'd by my friend *Lag*.
 Saints monuments that's here and there,
 If any will to them repair,
 'Mongst others there you'll read his name,
 And know he was a man of fame.
 On many there he forc'd the test,
 By perjury them sore oppress.
 And when he brought them to disgrace,
 He mock'd them unto their face.
 From others he did take their gear,
 He neither mercy had nor fear,
 Yet this doth not his wrath allay,
 For others he did seek to slay.
Cubine and *Gordon*, near *Hall-hill*,
 He took their life, their blood to spill;
 And left them hanging on a tree,
 For disobedience to me.
John Bell of *Whiteside* he did slay,
 And would not give him time to pray;
 And other four in that same hour
 He shot upon *Kirconnel-muir*.
Mayfield, *Clement*, and *Irlingtoun*,
Macrabet also he brought down;
 And made them all a sacrifice,
 His hellish fury to appease.

Two men in *Twingham* some did find,
 And with hair-tethers did them bind,
 Like sheep for slaughter their they lay,
George Short, and *David Halliday*.
 Till *Lag* came up, and gave command
 To kill them quickly out of hand.
 Against them he had such despite,
 He would not let them live one night,
 So in that posture they were shot
 Most cruelly upon the spot.
Lachlane and *Wilson* in the sea
 He drown'd, 'cause they obey'd not me.
 Though they were of the weaker sex,
 No favour they of him did get,
 Unto a stake he did them tye,
 Because they did my laws deny.
 And cruelly he took the life
 Both of a young maid and a wife,
 Thus *Lag* did conquer in the field,
 Such as to me would no ways yield.
 When persecuting did delay,
 He serv'd me well another way.
 He ever loyal was and true,
 And his allegiance did renew.
 And for my sake did hatred bear,
 By many a person far and near.
 The kirk by excommunication,
 Did banish him out of their region,
 Because he would not satisfy
 Them for his vile adultery,
 Of this sentence he was content,
 He never play'd the penitent;
 For he no ill in it could see,
 Since they deliver'd him to me.
 For he knew well that I could thole

His vices all, without controul,
 That he should have both peace and ease,
 In doing things that I do please,
 Although they frighted him with terror,
 He was not brought to such an error
 As to forsake his former way,
 Or in the least from me to stray.
 He clays as close unto my law
 As any man I ever saw.
 In Atheism his days did spend,
 Until his time drew near an end.
 Then for the fashion he did say,
 That he was of the Popish way;
 Because a priest made him believe,
 That he to him would pardon give,
 And would from Purgatory bring
 Him to a place where he would sing,
 But that was but a forged lie,
 For *Lag* lives hot and bien with me.
 It was in spite he money gave
 Unto the priest that greedy slave,
 For he had neither pith nor power
 To keep my friend from me an hour.
 For when I heard that he was dead,
 A legion of my den did lead
 Him to my place of residence,
 Where still he'll stay, and not go hence,
 For Purgatory, I must tell,
 It is the lowest place in hell;
 Well plenish'd with the Romish crew,
 Where thousands of them do resort.
 There many a Prince and Pope doth dwell,
 Fast fetter'd in that lower cell,
 And from that place they ne'er win free,
 Though greedy priests for gain do lie.

(2)
In making ignorants perceive,
They'll bring them from the infernal cave,
Such as do bribe them well with gold,
As heaven with pelf were bought and sold.
Sure that is but a vain deceit,
Contriv'd by Antichrist of late;
To keep the worshippers of the Whore
Senseless in sin, blind and secure;
And to make priests look fat and fine,
Who nought but carnal things do mind,
For this is what I truly know,
They come not back from whence they go,
They who take their abode with me,
From that place they are never free.
This *Lag* will know, and all the rest,
Who of my lodging are possess'd.
On earth no more they can serve me,
But still I'll have their company,
With this I must my grief allay,
So I no more of *Lag* will say.

F I N I S.



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